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THE FANCY'S LAMENT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY BOOTHROYD FAIRCLOUGH.

Now tell us, Heenan, if you know,
Can fairly lick the world with King,
Or if that backer fixed it so
That it was quite the other thing?
It would not be a British boy
Lead all your stalwart prowess low!

Alas! my boy, you cannot tell
The rumors that we daily would scout;
One, that the fight was all a sell,
Another half the "fancy" more than gout;
Another says 'twas only King
Whose fibbing was not quite the thing.

A thousand volumes might be filled
With what is said about you both,
But space declines the chest spilled
Well nigh all of Yankee pocketbook!
Yet every story, Jack, is foggy,
Why you laid off so very groggy.

Come, tell us now just how it was,
And all the muzzle men will swear
You never lost the mill, because
He did not lick you on the square!
Ah! come, Benish, now spill it out,
And thus relieve a nation's doubt!

We'd like to get your honors back
And make you chieftain of the ring,
But tell us how to do it, Jack—
Your victor is a British King!
Some say you punch'd him like a Tiger,
But old Benish, it's more than I can!

THE WHITE GIPSY;

OR,

The Avenging Track of the Escaped Convict.

A ROMANCE OF CITY AND FOREST.

CHAPTER VIII.

UNDER THE LINDANS.

About a mile beyond Furborough—that is to say, a mile further from London—was a little house, white-washed and green-trellised, standing back some distance from the road, and approached by a neat avenue of linden trees. It was called "Linden Cottage." Every one knew it. No traveller could have asked the smallest boy in Farborough the way to the cottage without being sure of a correct reply. Not that Mr. Mackenzie was much known. He was a quiet man. [He had saved a considerable amount of money when in business in London; but had made no acquaintance, and had apparently chosen a town like Farborough for a residence, because it was unlikely he would be called upon to mix in society there.

So when Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie and their only daughter arrived at Linden Cottage, the people knew that they had come, but that was all. "Let them alone or another," Mr. Mackenzie was very reserved, and not only did not mix in society, but refused to be more than ordinarily civil to any one.

There was one person in the household, however, who soon acquired a sort of celebrity in the neighborhood. This was not Mrs. Mackenzie. She was a nonentity. It was their daughter, Flora Mackenzie. She was a bright, merry girl, about eighteen, with dark hair, and deep hazel eyes—hair and eyes which sparkled in the sunlight. She was the pride of the place. She visited the poor, fed the hungry, clothed the naked, flitting from one point to another, and bringing joy wherever she made her appearance. Her parents, proud of her, as well they might be, placed no obstacle in the way of her movements, but employed her with the message of benevolence.

On the evening on which we introduce her to our readers, Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie [were seated in their front room which overlooked the lawn. They were talking of Flora.

"We are acting selfishly towards the dear girl," said Mrs. Mackenzie. "We keep her here day after day, week after week, month after month, without seeing any one except those whom she meets in her journeys of benevolence."

Mr. Mackenzie started.

"What more does she want?" he asked, as he removed from his mouth the long stem of a Turkish pipe he was smoking.

Mrs. Mackenzie laughed.

"Well, Darby," she cried, "that is a curious question to ask, particularly in your case. Do you think the girl never desires to get married? Do you think when we die she wants to lead a lonely, miserable life? Why should she wish this more than we did at her age?"

Darby Mackenzie smiled.

"There's good truth in that, wife," he said; "but I don't think the girl has ever thought about marriage as yet."

"Nor I, either; but it is time we thought of it, or we shall find some day that she is gone off with some idle fellow who has nothing to support her with, and may, perhaps, ill-treat her."

Darby Mackenzie shook his head.

"No, no, Emily," he said, confidently; "no, no! Flora will never do that. I know her too well. She will never cause us to blush for her—never will scrape acquaintance with any one without informing us of it."

As he spoke, a light step was heard approaching along the linden avenue. He rose, and gazed out. It was Flora.

"Here she is!" cried her father; and as he uttered the word, she entered the room.

She looked especially lovely, for an unusually bright glow was on her cheek.

"Why, Flora, my dear, where have you been?" cried her mother, laughing. "You are as red as a peony."

Flora blushed still more deeply.

"I was frightened as I came along," she faltered.

"Frightened! By whom?"

"By the gipsies."

"The rascals!" cried Darby Mackenzie. "I've seen them prowling about here a good deal. By heavens! if I find them robbing me as they have been robbing our neighbors, they shall swing for it!"

Flora turned paler still.

Her father noticed it.

"What ails you, Flora?" he said.

"Nothing, dear father," she answered; "only you spoke of robbers, and you know how very nervous I am."

With these words she left the room, hurried to her own chamber, and, fastening the door, gave vent to a grief which seemed to have been long pent up.

Half an hour before this she had started from a house at the extreme end of the town, and passed rapidly along the road towards home. When she had gone half the distance she glanced rapidly from right to left to see if she was watched. Then she turned off from the high road, and darted down into a deep dell, which was overshadowed by dense foliage. In the centre of this dell was the trunk of a tree which once had suffered from the shafts of the withering lightning, and now but bore and there a green twig to show that life, unwilling to leave its ancient tenement, still lingered in it.

Into a hollow in the side of this trunk she thrust her hand, and drew forth a tiny letter. With an exclamation of joy, she opened and read it.

It ran thus:—

"To-night, as I guess, dearest Flora, I will meet you in the Linden Avenue. I choose that place, because I am watched everywhere, and it is unlikely they will seek me there. "I have much to tell you. Pray come.

"BAMYLDE."

"The Linden Avenue," murmured Flora, as she concealed the letter in her bosom. "How can he choose a place so near my home? He will be destroyed forever if he comes there; yet how—how can I prevent him? Better he found with me than there alone."

The thought crossed her mind, for a moment, that she might prevent this danger by seeking the gipsy tents, yet she feared to go there—feared to be seen issuing from among the rude marauders.

"Since he is so imprudent, he must come," she murmured, "and I must protect him."

It may be imagined, then, with what alarm she had heard her father's words.

The gipsies had been active of late. At least, so report said. Robberies had been committed on every side. Shops broken into, farm-houses pillaged and farm-yards stripped, private residences entered, and money and jewels carried off: these were certain evidences that the spirit of plunder was abroad. Yet where, no one knew, though all surmised. The constables had warned the gipsies and visited their tents. They had searched their rude homes and their persons. Yet what did they find? Nothing but provisions lawfully bought in the town. No jewels, no money, beyond a few coins.

Mr. Mackenzie, who had a horror of thieves—a terror beyond that of others, because he generally kept a large sum of money in the house, was one of the most inveterate enemies of the gipsies. Their name was ever on his lips. Yet he never had noticed that whenever he spoke of them, Flora's cheek flushed and paled, and she refused to enter into the argument. Had he observed it, however, he would scarcely have attributed it to the right cause. He had, as his wife had told him, never thought of marriage in connexion with Flora, and certainly would not have conceived it possible that she could have loved a gipsy.

The evening passed—night came. The family retired to rest. The country was still, and the trees waved over a deserted highway. In Linden Cottage, and in the house next to it, the lights were extinguished. As the clock struck twelve, Flora emerged from the house, and took her way towards the Linden Avenue. She was dressed in very dark clothes, and passed along like a shadow. Near the gate she stopped, and another figure emerged from behind a tree.

He was a tall, well-built fellow, and any one who had once seen him would have recognized him as the young gipsy who had saved Alice Wentworth Carew from Mark and Nobs Durant.

He pressed the young girl to his heart fondly, and kissed her.

"Ah! Flora," he said, "this is most kind! I almost feared you would not come."

Flora smiled.

"I always come," she murmured. "Yet why choose this place—so near home—so open to detection?"

"The gipsy kissed her again.

"The less likelihood of their seeking me here," he said; "but our time is short, and I must speak of other things. The robberies in this neighborhood have excited so much suspicion that we are the objects of the most rigorous surveillance. I can no longer remain in safety, being watched, and we are about to leave this place."

Flora clung to him more closely.

"Going to leave me?" she murmured. "Do not say that!"

"Yes, indeed, I must; but only for a time. When I return, dear Flora, I shall, I trust, be in a far different position. As a gipsy I can never hope to gain your hand. The day will come when I can claim it as a gentleman."

"And your secret, dear Bamylde," said Flora—"the secret which you promised to tell me?"

A cloud crossed the gipsy's brow.

"That I cannot tell you," he said; "at least, not yet. I have a secret; but to tell it to any one—even to you—would be to destroy my chance of success for ever. I have now in my hands a weapon of offence which I shall use, and use soon. I shall make the migration of the tribe my opportunity of action."

"And when will you return, dear Bamylde?" asked the girl.

"Soon—very soon."

Would he have said this and smiled so confidently had he known the danger threatening them both. Had he known that at that very moment the hand of fate was hovering over him, would he have breathed those words of hope? The whole time that Flora had spent gazing at her lover's letter in the dell by the roadside, eyes had been watching her. Eyes which glanced with admiration mingled with a kind of hatred, at her exquisite form—with cruel malignity at the letter she drew from the tree—with fierce passion as they watched her kiss the missive and place it in her bosom. And now those same eyes were watching the lovers. Peering through the leaves, greedily devouring their every action; while the eagerly listening ears devoured their words. The lovers dreamed not of danger. Absorbed in contemplation of one another, meaning no ill to any, they could not conceive what diabolical plot was being hatched against them. Bamylde spoke again.

"Remember, Flora," he said—"remember that I cannot tell the exact period when I shall return. Let me not come back and hear rumors of your love for Herbert Lennox—that white-faced coward, who is my name now, and would be my shame could I think he was my rival!"

The tears filled Flora's eyes.

"Do you trust me so little, then?" she said, sobbing wildly, "that you can believe me ready to be unfaithful to you at the slightest temptation?"

"No, dear one! I do not believe your heart would be unfaithful to me; but your beauty is great, and women are apt to flirt. Never mind, dear one; I will say no more!"

She clung to him, but did not speak. Suddenly they started.

There was a glare of torches along the high road, and the hurrying of many feet.

"Fly!" cried Bamylde, as he snatched a last embrace. "Fly, or we shall be discovered!"

The girl darted away quickly along the Linden Avenue, and was soon within the house. Bamylde, the White Gipsy, stepped out into the road unhesitingly—unflinchingly. Strange fate which on that night joined his fortunes so closely to Wentworth Carew!

CHAPTER IX.

THE CAGE.

The White Gipsy had no sooner passed through the little gate and entered the road, when he was surrounded by a londly murmuring throng, whose eager faces were shown up in vivid contrast by the glaring torches.

"We have him!"

"Have we, indeed, that?"

"Here he is—behind him, or he'll run away!"

Such were the expressions which were freely handled about, while Bamylde stood gazing at them in disdainful astonishment.

"What is this, my good people?" he cried. "Are you looking for a witch, that you are out here in the middle of night, disturbing honest people in their beds?"

A derisive laugh answered him.

"Honest people!" cried one. "Hear him talk! No, we're not looking for a witch—we're after a thief, and we've got him!"

"You'd better keep him then!" exclaimed Bamylde, "and let me pass. I am late, and wish to return to the tents!"

"Enough of this folly," cried a gruff voice, as a constable advanced—"enough of this! We have to arrest you, Bamylde, on a charge of robbery."

"And who is my accuser?" exclaimed the gipsy, proudly.

"I am," said a young man, advancing. "The house of Mr. Fairfax, just above here, has been broken into this night. I saw you creeping away from that direction and glide into the Linden Avenue. Then I heard voices, and I went at once and informed the constables. Mr. Fairfax is a friend of mine, and I had a right to think of protecting his property."

Bamylde eyed him contemptuously.

"Wretched one!" he said—"wretched one! so it is to you I owe this foul wrong! I am innocent of this robbery, and fear nothing. Be bad on—I will go with you. You will live to repent this, Herbert Lennox."

The young man whom he addressed as Herbert Lennox was of medium height, with red hair and whiskers, and small, twinkling eyes. The people glanced involuntarily from accuser to accused, and made a comparison which was far from favorable to the former. They were convinced, however, that Bamylde was guilty, and followed him in delighted crowds as he was marched off to the "cage." Here he was securely placed until the morrow, while one of the constables was dispatched to watch the proceedings of the tribe.

The latter crept along until he found himself on a point overlooking the glen, and where he was screened from observation. Hardly had he ensconced himself in safety, when a gipsy arrived, in hot haste, to announce the arrest of Bamylde. The news sent a thrill of consternation through the camp, and in less than twenty minutes a conference had been held and a decision come to. They would strike their tents and depart from the neighborhood. This grateful intelligence the constable dispatched with, and in half an hour after his departure the gipsies, were on route, some on foot, some on their wiry, wild-looking horses, with the tents and the baggage. There were several dissentients to this arrangement, as it was considered by the younger part of the community that it was cowardly and disgraceful to leave Bamylde behind; and the march had not proceeded many minutes before four young men, who had been in deep consultation, made a halt.

"What is it now, my children?" cried the old crone into whose care Bamylde had given the young girl, and who now led her by the hand.

"We are going back to save Bamylde," said one of them.

"Foolish boy!" exclaimed the woman; "he is a white man—he is not of our people. Why risk your lives for him?"

"We risk not our lives," said the young man; "we shall save him, and burn his cage. Then we will mount our horses, and away."

"And we, who have no horses,—what shall we do?"

"We will bring horses for you."

So saying, the four gipsies wheeled round, and departed. Their first visit was not to the cage.

In a field near were tethered a dozen horses belonging to a farmer. These, in less half an hour, were secured together, and driven down the road towards the spot where the gipsies had made a temporary halt. Those who were to push forward had mounted, and passed along the high road at a rapid pace, the little girl sitting in front of the old crone, trembling, and in tears. Meanwhile, the four young gipsies, armed with guns, dashed back towards Farborough. If the reader has ever seen the cage in the Narrow Road, where Jack Sheppard was immured, and from which he escaped in spite of bolts and bars, he can form a tolerably good idea of the cage at Farborough. It was a round, stumpy-looking edifice, with a door of considerable thickness, fastened by a variety of iron contrivances, which, though strong, were anything but triumphs of the blacksmith's art. It stood about five hundred yards from any habitation. On one side was an inn, on the other a farm-house, the two houses accordingly being more than half a mile apart.

On reaching the farm-house, one of the gipsies entered the yard cautiously, and creeping noiselessly up to a haystack, brought away an armful, another holding a truss of straw, and when each of the four had his load before him, they once more advanced. When, however, they approached the cage, they stopped, and tied their horses to a tree.

Then they advanced noiselessly along the grass, which skirted the footway.

They reached the cage.

All was still.

"Hist, Bamylde!" cried one of them.

There was no answer.

"Hist, Bamylde, I say!" repeated the gipsy. "We have come to save you."

There was still no answer.

"He's escaped!" said another of the men.

A sound as of heavy breathing was heard at this moment. The gipsy who had last spoken laughed aloud.

"The rascal's asleep!" he said.

Then he hammered at the door.

"Who is there!" cried Bamylde, as he sprang up. "It's not morning yet. Why do you disturb me?"

"Well, you can't be expected to know your friends through a brick wall," said one of the gipsies. "We've come to save you. There are four of us here—Bamylde Laman, Rollo, and Ben. Open the door, quickly, and we'll explain. We've returned to rescue you, and take you out of this accursed cage."

"Thanks, my friends," said Bamylde; "I fancied I recognized Rollo's voice. Rollo, I thought, would have spared his slumbers for me. But work quickly, lest you be heard."

Rollo chuckled.

"We will talk no more," he said; "and yet, in the silence, you may not even hear the rasping of a wire."

He then knelt down, and, in a manner which proved a skill acquired by long practice, commenced picking the lock. This soon yielded. But the fastenings within made this an business of no use. Then one of the gipsies drew from his belt a long iron instrument, sharp as a razor at one end, and with a round handle at the other—the very instrument which the Gipsy of Barnet used, and the united strength of the four men soon drove it through. This was repeated three times and then one lusty drive from the exterior of Rollo drove it in.

In another moment, the second gipsy had emerged, and once more stood in freedom.

"Many, many thanks!" cried he, grasping their hands cordially, one after the other. "Let us now away, lest we spoil the work we have begun."

"Not yet," cried Ben. "We have not done our work. A merry blaze must compensate us for the momentary loss of him who will one day be our king!"

"That is doubtful—at least, if the Queen is to be obeyed. Not some, since you are determined, I will help you, if you will remove these bracelets, which are uncomfortable as well as ugly."

A dexterous twist soon dislodged the handcuffs by which the constable had ornamented his wrists; and he began aiding the other gipsies in filling the cage with straw and hay and dry branches.

When this task had been completed, they struck a light, fired it, and soon a goodly blaze shot up, rushing through the aperture, and throwing the small air-hole at the top. The gipsies then proceeded hastily towards the spot where the horses had been left.

"You were certain of saying me, then!" cried Bamylde, as he saw a spare horse tied up with the others.

They assented, cast a last glance at the blazing cage, and then dashed away along the high road.

Flora had seen nothing of the capture of Bamylde.

In her fear lest the love-meeting between herself and the White Gipsy should be discovered, she had hurried immediately up to her own room. From the window which overlooked the road she could see the blaze of the torches; and, opening it, she could hear the distant murmur of men's voices. But through the trees she could distinguish no man's form. In particular and believing in Bamylde's observance to ensure his safety, she closed her window, and went to bed fearing nothing. When her rosy cheek pressed the white pillow, she slept soundly, dreaming of the future, which she trusted might yet be bright, and seeing Bamylde only amid the happiest scenes.

The next morning Flora did not come down to breakfast until Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie had had a good gossip over the affair of the preceding night. Information of the capture of Bamylde, under suspicion of robbing the house of Mr. Fairfax, was brought by Herbert Lennox.

"I have great news for you," said Darby Mackenzie, "Indeed!" cried Flora, unusually coyly.

"Yes, you need fear the gipsies no longer, my child."

"They are gone, then!" inquired the girl, with a sigh.

Darby smiled.

"No; but we shout that the ringleader of all the gang has been caught."

"Ah!" she faintly murmured.

"An Englishman, who joined the gipsies many years ago, and who calls himself Bamylde."

Flora turned deadly pale; her bosom heaved violently, and she uttered a suppressed cry.

"Betrayed!" she murmured—"betrayed! By Herbert Lennox, too!"

A sudden light seemed to break upon Darby Mackenzie.

"Girl," he said, somewhat sternly, "do you know this man?"

G. SWAINE BUCKLEY.—OF BOOKLEY'S MINSTRELS. (For Biographical Sketch, see column.)

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CHAPTER XV.

SAVEDBOUPPEAS.

Acting under the influence of a sudden impulse, Colonel Marchmont moved away from the spot where the gipsy girl stood with Henri in Mermont, and retreated behind a clump of trees, concealed himself where he could hear all that passed.

Henri passed his arm round the slender waist of the girl, and looked tenderly into her eyes.

"Well, dearest Cora," he said; "are you glad to see me again?"

The girl blushed.

"You know it, Henry," she said—she called him by his English name.—"you know I am always glad to see you. But I am very—very and."

"That man has been annoying you again!" cried Henri passionately. "By heaven! if he speaks ill of you to you he shall rue it!"

A lowly murmured curse made Colonel Marchmont start and glance round. By his side stood the gipsy he had noticed before. The expression of his features was changed now. The tender emotion with which he had gazed on the young girl was now replaced by a scowl of bitter hate. He saw that the Colonel noticed him, and he advanced with his finger on his lip. When he was close to him he whispered, he took his hand and grasped it.

"We are friends, for we both hate that man."

The Colonel returned the pressure in silence, and both listened. The girl's face had flushed, and an expression of sadness and fear was on her features.

"Oh, Henry!" she cried, "you make me tremble when you talk thus. He never speaks ill of you to me—never!"

"Then why are you in sorrow?"

"Because I love you."

Henry smiled contentedly.

"Why, that is not in reason, my beloved one," he said. "If you love me, why he so sad, since you well know I love you!"

Cora shook her head.

"Alas! you think so now," she murmured; "but you will not always. The rich hair of the Corawa will never wed a poor gipsy girl who has no fortune but the beauty he tells her she possesses."

Oh, sweet simplicity! Oh, deceiver!

Henri lit his lip as the girl spoke of marriage. But, young as he was, he had schooled himself in the art of concealing his emotions, and he answered, as he pressed her to him again gently, "Cora, dearest one, I will marry you. I have told you so many times, yet you will not believe me. I love come to you this morning, dear one, to ask you to become my wife. Fly with me on the last night of the revels; a carriage shall be in waiting in the road; we will escape from all who could prevent our happiness. Say you will be mine, dear Cora—say I may come for you."

The girl replied not.

"You know, dearest, that a public marriage would be an impossibility; my parents never would consent to it; I should lose all. Your people, too, would endeavor to prevent it."

"They would kill me," cried Cora in tears.

Henri smiled.

"Kill you, dear one!" he said. "No, no! you are not one of them—you are not a gipsy. They do not care what becomes of you."

The girl answered not; her heart misgave her. Ought she to allow him to say this—to think thus, when she know how one at least, loved her.

"Oh yes—oh yes, they do care for me!" she cried. "Oh! indeed, I dare not leave them!"

Henri's brow became clouded.

"What is it you mean?" he cried impatiently. "Is this your love for me? Is this the devotion you have so often spoken of? You have promised over and over again to be mine; are you about to throw insuperable difficulties in the way?"

The girl's tears flowed freely.

"Forgive me, Henri," she said; "but I am perplexed—bewildered. I scarcely know what I am saying. What wonder, then, if I contradict myself. Dearest, you ask the consent of my brother?"

Henri curled his lip in disdain.

"Ask his consent—no!" he cried. "Not for worlds would I demean myself. He is not your brother, and has no right over you. But still, if you love him better than you love me—if you prefer risking my love to risking life, he is too. I will insist no further."

He turned as if to go.

"Oh, Henri, do not be so cruel!" cried the girl, detaining him. "You know how fondly I love you, and that is why you torture me. Oh! do not be angry with me, and I will consent to anything."

The Colonel and the gipsy were simultaneously affected by this speech. The one uttered a kind of smothered groan; the other a suppressed curse.

Henri came instantly to the side of the trusting girl. "Dearest one!" he murmured, pressing her to his heart, "you consent then?"

"To what?"

"To fly with me to-morrow night!"

She looked scared and frightened for a moment, and sinking her voice to a whisper, said, "Yes."

There was another ambrose, a few hurried words, and then Henri to Mermont, with joy in his villainous heart, walked away.

The gipsy girl, with her eyes downcast, and her hand pressed lightly over her bosom, bent her way towards the tents.

She almost fell into Bamfylde's arms.

The Colonel drew on one side, where he was concealed from her view.

"Ah, Bamfylde!" she cried with a deep blush; "the thing you?"

The gipsy gazed at her with a glance of tender reproof.

"Yes!" he said, "it is I. You have just left Henri in Mermont. I have heard all you said to him, and will save you."

The girl's eyes flashed fire. For a moment her pride and her love overcame her gratitude.

"Save me!" she exclaimed. "You use the wrong terms. By saving me in your way, you will destroy me. I refuse to recognize your right longer to interfere with me. I love Henri—I will be his wife!"

A bitter smile crossed Bamfylde's face.

"This to me Cora?" he said very gently and tenderly. "Ah, no! could I expect ought else. But never mind; in spite of ingratitude—in spite of everything, I will save you from ruin and disgrace. Go to your tent; I will join you in a few minutes and tell you more."

The girl hesitated.

"But——" she began.

"Cora, go to your tent," repeated Bamfylde, in an imperious voice, and with an imperious gesture.

The girl said no more, but bowing her head meekly, went away. Bamfylde gazed at her until her form had disappeared, and then turned to the Colonel.

Colonel Marchmont was agitated by strange emotion.

"Who is that girl?" he said.

The gipsy turned his dark countenance upon him.

"Why do you ask?" he said.

"I have grave reasons indeed," returned the Colonel. "I can assure you I am not actuated by idle curiosity."

The gipsy paused a moment.

"I must have time to think," he said. "I don't know whether I should be right in trusting her secret to another. By to-morrow I shall be able to answer. Come here to-morrow evening, and I will explain to you all I can. Till then, adieu."

He grasped the Colonel's hand, and then, without giving him time to reply, moved away, and walked rapidly towards the tents. The Colonel looked after him for a moment, and then turned back towards Carew House.

Bamfylde found Cora in her tent, weeping bitterly. He sat down by her, and taking her hand, said kindly, "I am sorry to see you weep, Cora."

She looked up quickly, withdrawing her hand angrily.

"You are always saying that," she cried, "yet are ever making me weep."

He smiled sadly.

"Shall I tell you why?" he asked.

"If it pleases you."

"Good, then, Cora! I will trust you with your secret. Thirteen years ago, a man and a woman were hurrying along a lonely road. With them was a child. Wearied of the company of this child, regarding it as a hindrance, they deserted it by the roadside, and it would have died had not a young gipsy taken it under his care and saved its life."

Cora's face was suffused with crimson.

"Why tell me all this?" she said. "I know it already."

"Yes, but you do not know who these people were, or who you are. Those people were sent by Lady Constance Carew, the mistress of this house, to take you away from England, because you were the acknowledged heiress of the Carews."

Cora's eyes lighted up with joy.

"Oh! I am so glad—so glad!" she cried. "Henri shall know this—he would not then be ashamed to marry me in public!"

"Death!" muttered Bamfylde, to himself; "and is it for this I have toeded her like a child of my own?"

After a moment he proceeded in a somewhat stern voice.

"Interrupt me not—let me complete the history. Linke are yet wanting in the chain of evidence; but even if you are not heiress to all, Henri is not, and never shall be!"

"Oh, it is horrible! how you hate him!" murmured Cora.

Bamfylde paid no attention to her words, but went on.

"Well, I have had sorrows, Cora, and know the loneliness of the world. I look at your future through the medium of my own misfortune, and the terrible deceit I have been the subject of, and I wish to warn you. Dear little Cora—sweet sister—in spite of the anger you exhibit, I will save you from that villain; and some day—perhaps in a few hours—you will thank me."

"Never!"

"Well, well, we will see. In a little cottage near Farborough lived a girl called Flora Mackenzie. She was pretty, delicate, gentle-eyed as one could wish to see, and I fell in love with her; I, the humble gipsy, the beggar, the companion of thieves and vagrants, fell in love with her."

"And did she love you?" asked Cora with a smile.

"She pretended to love me—she put on the guise of love in order to deceive me, and I suffered myself to be deceived. For a long, long time I yielded to the sweet dream—met her again and again—pressed her to my heart, and in the fancy of the moment believed everything she said. There was a man who said he loved her also, and he hated me sorely. He was a mean, rascally knave, was Herbert Lennox—a very white-livered rascal as you could meet in a lifo's journey, and he swore to betray me. He did. Through him I was seized and cast into prison. I was rescued, however, and with Flora's kisses yet warm upon my lips, I went away believing she would prove true. In a year I returned. They were gone—she and her parents—none knew whither. I was mad—distracted. I thought the world then a blank, for there was no clue to her home. At length, in one of my wanderings, I met a child; he had wandered away among our tents, and lost himself, poor little fellow, and I took him from those who would have stolen him, and went to the first house near us. This was his home he recognized it at once, and ran in shouting with joy. Lady Carew, the people, he forgot his benefactor so soon as joy was once more his, and only thought of his own happiness in being restored to his mother."

"You are hard upon him."

"Time has made me hard on all. I was lingering at the door when a female servant advanced to the gateway. It was his mother coming to thank me."

"The gipsy whispered to me. His memories were overcoming him.

"Cora, I swear!" he proceeded, in a husky tone, as if the scene were but of yesterday, "what a heart's death was there! The woman who approached my side—the mother of this boy—was she for whom I had waited ten years in sorrow, yet in hope!"

"Oh, heaven! Flora!" I exclaimed; 'tell me—tell me that is not your child!'

"I need scarcely have uttered so mad a speech, for the little boy was clinging to her skirts and calling her name.

"She made no answer, but clung to the wooden palings for support.

"'Oh, Flora!' cried I, 'is this the end of all my long, weary wanderings in search of you?'

"She hung her head. She well knew what a crime she had committed.

"'Bamfylde,' she said, tremulously; 'they told me you were dead.'

"'And you were glad enough to believe them, that you might rush into the arms of another.'

"She flushed crimson.

"'Man cannot want terrible anguish it would be for me to know all; and she feared to tell me.

"'I was obliged to marry,' she stammered. 'It is a long story, coarse worth the telling now; but I wedded my husband to save my father from severe trouble.'

"'Married a man you did not love!' I said.

"She replied not.

"A dread suspicion crossed my mind.

"'Cruel, bitter sorrow this is,' I cried; 'whoever may be your husband, I pity him. Tell me—tell me is not Herbert Lennox?'

"Her agonized look would have been enough to tell me this shameful truth, had she not spoken.

"'Yes, Bamfylde,' she answered; 'I married Herbert Lennox.'

"I waited to hear no more, but fled with a curse—a wildly-vented curse—which I trust heaven has long forgiven me.

"'But I returned.'

"'When?'

"'At night, that I might meet this man, and destroy him.'

Cora laid her hand gently on his arm—a hand white and trembling.

"Say you did not kill him, dear Bamfylde," she murmured.

The gipsy made a gesture of angry impatience.

"Do I look like a murderer?" he cried. "No; I met him not. A kind and merciful providence kept him from my path, while my blood was boiling with hate, or I should have killed him inevitably. A little delay, however, saved him, and I spared his life, though I could not—I cannot forgive her."

"And why have you told me this?" asked Cora.

The gipsy shaded his face with his hand.

"You may well ask, Cora," he said, in a broken voice. "My story has little to do with what we were saying. Perhaps it was because my heart was full, and I could keep silence no longer."

"Poor Bamfylde!" whispered Cora, drawing his head on her shoulder, and stroking his hair. "Forgive me if I spoke unkindly. Poor Bamfylde! I hate Flora—she must have been cruel indeed, and mad to declove one so good as you."

The strong man could hold out no longer, he took her little hand in his own, and after gazing at it for a time, burst into a passion of tears.

Cora was alarmed. What was it that could effect him thus?

"Oh, Bamfylde!—Dear Bamfylde!" she said; "what is it that makes you weep? Do tell me!"

"I have been deceived once," he said, "and I swore I would not suffer myself to be so again. But I had some object in life, and I set myself to the task of bringing you up—of making you superior to those around you—of rendering you, in fact, fit for the circlet in which you would one day move. I have done so—what lamy reward to be? That you are to be the victim of the first vile scamp who asks you to run off with him?"

Cora was about to speak, Bamfylde stopped her.

"Nay, I speak hardly; but I am right. Before two days have passed I will prove to you that Henri is Mermont's a villain and a deceiver."

Cora trembled. He would not speak this confidently were he were but certain.

"If you prove that," she murmured; "you will break my heart."

Bamfylde smiled.

"No," he said; "I shall preserve it for a better and a happier life."

He then rose, kissed her forehead, and withdrew to his own tent.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHEN ABOUT TO ACT A DECEITFUL PART DOES NOT IMPROVE UPON ACQUAINTANCE.

It was on the evening of the same day that Colonel Marchmont entered the room where the ball was again at its height, and Henri to Mermont face to face.

"Ah! M. Henri," he said, "I should be glad to speak with you for a moment. I have been seeking this opportunity for some hours. Can you spare me a moment on the terrace?"

"It is cold there," returned Henri, impatiently; "will not do as well? Besides, Lady Selina Macdonald is waiting for me."

The Colonel smiled.

"Selina, then," he said, "must wait a few minutes more. I positively must speak to you, M. Henri."

The young man took his way sullenly towards the French windows which opened on to the terrace. Every one was intent on dancing, and did not notice him as he unfastened the casement and went out, followed by the Colonel.

"Well, what is your mysterious errand, Colonel Marchmont?" asked Henri, as he withdrew to the extreme end of the terrace.

"There is nothing mysterious in the affair," said the Colonel; "and even if there be any apparent mystery, that shall end at once, if you wish it."

"I do not understand you."

"I speak of a certain little bill."

Henri started, and eyed the Colonel fixedly.

"Who are you?" he said.

"I am Morley Bridgeworth!" cried Marchmont.

"I almost suspected it!" muttered Henri. "And what the dickens right have you—a convicted felon—here in Corew House?"

"Because I am a gentleman."

"The same right as he possessed by you, an unconvicted felon. But come, we will not hardly compliments. I have thought it best to tell you who I am, lest you should fancy you were here alone in your villany, and able to do as you pleased."

"I do not see your drift."

"My real name, perhaps, will thoroughly explain it, then. Who is Lady Selina Macdonald?"

Henri uttered a loud oath.

"I do not recognise your right to question me. I not only refuse to answer you, but I will at once go and inform my father that he has in his house an escaped felon."

The Colonel smiled.

"Go! I am not afraid, Monsieur Henri," he said; "but do you not suppose that such a course would be immediate ruin for you?"

"How!"

"I should produce the forged bill."

"Which I should at once say was forged by you."

"Delightful precocity in villany!" returned the Colonel. "Allow me to continue the chain of events. In that case, I should produce Mark Darnut, the man who took away from this house Alice Wentworth Carew, and he would tell your step-father a tale which would materially damage your chances of succession to the property."

"Scoundrel! I never believe him."

"Oh, yes, he would, as his testimony is backed by his wife's dying declaration."

"Bah! that might be concocted," cried Henri, contemptuously.

"And last of all," continued the imperturbable Colonel, "if everything failed to make him believe you a rogue, and your mother an impostor, I should produce your mother's real husband, your father, who is still alive, and is now in this house."

Henri staggered back.

"You lie!" he cried—"you lie basely! My mother could not have descended from me to terrible a secret."

The Colonel gazed at him. His eyes were sunken in his head, and a ray from the full-moon showed his face ghastly pale.

"Young man," he said, in a voice of pity, "I have no doubt you feel this revelation to be a terrible one; but I was compelled to make it, in order that you might fully understand the position in which I stand. I am here for the purpose of reinstating, and some what may, my purpose will be carried out. But remember, I do not propose to ruin, but to save you. I come not for revenge, but justice."

"You talk in enigmas," said Henri. "Tell me, does my mother know of the existence of her husband?"

"Yes, she knows of it, and is aware of Colonel Marchmont; yet, believe me, it will be better for you not to speak to her about it. Let it come at present to be a secret between her and me. But now to my questions. Who is Lady Selina Macdonald?"

"She is the daughter of Lord Adolphus Macdonald."

"She has a fortune, I presume?"

"Ten thousand pounds."

"And you intend to marry her?"

"Yes, if she will have me."

"Who, then, is that girl with whom I saw you conversing this morning?"

Henri started.

"What girl?" he asked.

"That gipsy girl. She can be no fit companion for you. If she be a gipsy of the common order, she cannot be a creditable friend; if she be an innocent girl, you have no right to tamper with her affections."

"Fool!" cried Henri. He had no idea that his *Hazon* had been discovered.

"You seem to be omniprescent, Colonel," he said; "but you need her nothing on that score. That girl is pretty, artless, innocent."

"Will you leave her so?"

Henri hesitated not.

"What do you propose to do with her?" pursued the Colonel; "you cannot marry her?"

Henri laughed.

"No," he said, "the idea is too ridiculous."

As he spoke, there was a rustle in the shrubbery on the terrace side. What was it? What were those shadows? If Henri had known, how would his heart have sunk within him! Cora and Bamfylde stood there—or rather crouched side by side.

"I wish to hear no more," she murmured; "let us go away."

Her body was trembling as if she had been stricken by the palsy. Trembling, as she was, she would have moved a step had not the White Gipsy detained her.

"Stay, dear Cora," he whispered; "hear all, and be satisfied."

"For what good? I know enough!"

"No, no—listen; they are speaking again."

"Well," resumed Colonel Marchmont, "I would advise you to cover your connection with that gipsy girl. As she is innocent, leave her so."

"Is it part of your programme to force me to abandon this girl?"

"Perhaps so. I hope it will not be necessary to force you."

"I have told you I am wedding to marry her," cried Henri; "what harm, then, can it do you—what harm to Lady Selina?"

The Colonel grasped his arm as in a vise.

"Listen to me, young man," he said; "if you seek to destroy that girl, you will have a swarm of hornets about your ears. Leave her to her simplicity, and attend to this wealthy beauty, whose riches are necessary to you."

Henri laughed.

"You use the right word," he cried. "They are necessary to me under the circumstances of my new position."

"Procure them, then," said the Colonel. "We have said enough for the present. We now understand each other, and can act without fear of clashing. Go now to Lady Selina."

The young man hesitated.

"But that bill, Colonel—how about that?" he asked.

"Not as I direct," said Marchmont, "and that bill shall never be protested!"

The young man then left the terrace, and entered the hall-room. The Colonel glanced through the curtains, and with a smile approached a separ of the terrace where the gipsies were concealed.

"Come with me," he said, "you shall see the finale."

He led the way into the house through the window of a room which was buried in profound darkness, and entered with them a small apartment communicated with the hall-room. Here, behind some heavy tapestry hangings, he concealed them. It was not an instant too soon, for Henri and Lady Selina entered. They had just completed a dance; and flushed as she was by pleasurable excitement, the young girl looked exceedingly beautiful. Her head about the middle height, with fair hair falling over rounded and exquisitely formed shoulders, as the Colonel slightingly in general, though now a flush of rosy light spread over them. Her eyes were deep blue and shaded by long drooping lashes, her mouth was small and cherry red, her figure graceful, the small slender waist contrasting with the fully developed bust. Henri, as he sudden was gazing at her in unequivocal admiration. Harmless eyes were but upon the ground.

"You are more lovely to-night than ever, Selina," cried Henri, as he drew her to the ottoman.

"You are your paylog compliments," said the young girl. "I am afraid you are a sad deceiver."

"Indeed, no! I speak my compliments—I never flatter. I give praise only where praise is due," he cried eagerly.

Selina laughed lightly.

"Well, I am afraid of young indy in turn, I presume," Mr. Henri," she said. "You were the centre of a group of at last night, and were handing compliments right and left."

Henri took her hand. She did not withdraw it.

"Selina," he said, in a low voice, "those compliments I have paid to others are nothing to you. Let me tell you now that I love you—that I cannot live without you. Others I may speak to flattery—to you, never. I love you, Selina, solely, devotedly. Will you be my wife?"

The girl was not evidently taken by surprise. She blushed deeply but did not reply.

"Speak to me, dearest!" cried Henri; "tell me that all my fond hopes will be crowned; tell me loved one, that future will be spent in the endeavor to make you happy."

There was a gentle murmur. Distinct enough to be heard by him.

"Yes."

And one heart beat high in happiness, and one in deep despoit.

While in the end was the happier?

Cora would have rushed forward had not the strong hand of Bamfylde restrained her.

"Interrupt him not," he whispered; "let him have his fill of treachery and deceit."

Cora bent her head, as if in agony of spirit.

"Oh, Bamfylde!" she murmured in a voice which was so confounded as to be almost audible without; "let us go—I will kill me."

"Hush my dear child!" he said; "we will go soon, but let us see the discovery which is evidently before them, though it would be his downfall."

"Yes, with discovery he he has done me," murmured Cora.

Bamfylde smiled to himself—a bitter smile it was.

"No, Cora—no! She has twenty thousand pounds. Those are to be his prey. The prey in your case he intentions to be only your honor and your virtue. That I let us listen."

"To-morrow, dearest, I will speak to Lord Macdonald, your father. I may tell him that you love me?"

"Yes."

Then there followed a variety of love-makings, and nothing, which it would be useless for me to narrate here, but which sank into the heart of the conspirator listened.

How terribly she had been deceived by Henri fully mistaken! And yet, might he not, after all, be playing a part? Might he not be acting for his uncle?

He might certainly, with the Colonel; he might have been putting him off, but he could scarcely be acting the same part with Lady Selina, who evidently believe that night know not that he was in love with her, or at any rate suspected no open declaration!

At length they quitted the room, Henri radiant with joy; Selina still with blushes suffusing her face, her neck, her shoulders.

Cora sprang to her. She felt as if suddenly released from suffocation.

"Let us go," she cried, dragging Bamfylde from behind the tapestry.

"Yes," said Bamfylde, as he led her forth; "we will go now. I think you have heard enough."

They passed unobserved out of the rooms, along the terrace, and into the grounds. The clear frosty almost place, with stars twinkling in the cold, and a gentle breeze to travel to a considerable distance with great distinctness; and when the sound of the revelry from Carew House began to die away, they were rejoiced to hear the confused hum of voices, rude snatches of songs, and loud boisterous applause, which proclaimed the end.

"Our people are lovin scoundrel to-night, it seems," said Bamfylde, as he approached the gipsy with his companion.

"Our people, you call them," murmured Cora. "Would that we were indeed our people! I should be happier, I truly believe, as a poor gipsy girl, than as heiress to that house, the proud member of which will never speak to me, and whom I can never be her sister to them as so strange a guise."

"No, you are in a sad state there," cried Bamfylde; "There is no scorn there for you; there are hearts in that house which would leap with joy could your identity be once established."

Cora sighed.

"Even Henri, did he know all, would cease to despise me," she said.

Bamfylde uttered an exclamation of anger.

"What!" he cried; "are you not yet sickened of him? are you not prepared to tear from your heart for ever the image of one so deceitful and so false? He has deceived you, cruelly, bitterly. Thank heaven that it

MISS LOTTA—THE VERSATILE CALIFORNIA COMEDIENNE. (For Biographical Sketch see another column.)

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1864.

REMOVAL.

The Office of the New York Clipper is now located at 102 Nassau street, Room No. 12, Tribune Building, where we will be happy to see our friends individually.

To Correspondents.

OLIVER BARRER, Taunton.—Yes to your Clipper, dated May 21st. In Sporting Life of Saturday, April 23, Charley Lamb's boy 9 lbs that he names the winner of a fight that is to take place in Canada. Lamb's boy, Jem Jenkins, for Jackson is thinks is a cinch. Lamb and Bill are throwing dice—A throws 12, and beats B 10 that he will not beat Jenkins. B throws 12, and does A win the money? Your answer is, you are B, and failed to beat 12. I want to know the distance between Boston and Taunton. The principle of the bet is perfectly different. In the first, when A bets B 10 that he notes the winner of the fight, B takes the negative of the proposition, and virtually bets A $10 that the other man wins. In the second, A bets B that he will throw a certain number, and B, when he bets he will beat that number, must actually do so to win. A bets on the negative side, and B on the affirmative side of the proposition.

G. B. F. Athenæum Club, N. Y.—"I. What was the last time made by Flora Temple, by Patchen, and by Gen. Gray, single harness, mile heats. 2. Is it true that the best of Flora Temple ever been beaten? 3. Was not Lady Flora a distinguished American mare? 4. Which are the two fastest trotting horses in American annals, stating the best time of each on the standard?" 2:24¼, made by Gen. Gray, at Hartford, Sept. 3, 1862. Gen. Gray, although in the match against Flora Temple on the Point, on that day, was beaten by the latter, who made the time in 2:24, the record of time properly belongs solely to the winner. 2. No. 3. Yes. 4. Flora Temple, Gen. Gray, Gen. Benton, Dexter, and Lady Palmer.

C. D. Milford.—Tom Sayers fought Dan Collins (twice) Aby Crouch, Jack Grant, Jack Martin, Nat Langham, Gen. Perkins, Tom Paddock, Bob Brettle, Tom Sutton, Bill Benjamin (twice) Tom Paddock, Bob Brettle, and John C. Heenan, twice. Yes, Sayers was accompanied by Nat Langham and the Marquis of Queensbury. 2. Jem Mace fought and defeated Jack of Norwich, Bill Thorne, Peck Price, Tom Paddock, Bob Brettle, Bill Thorne, Bob Brettle, Tom Sayers by Bob Brettle and Tom King; forfeited £50 to Mike Madden in their first match, and beat Madden for £50 in the second match. 3. Tom Sayers, Jem Mace, Nat Langham, Sullivan beat Hammer Lane, Vince Hammond, Tom Sayers, Jem Mace, Tom Sayers, Jem Mace, Tom Sayers, Tom Sayers and John Morrissey.

J. W. M., New Orleans.—1. Tom Sayers has a brother, but he isn't on the muscle, and no fight is put down to him in the ring. 2. Yes, Jem Mace was accompanied by Nat Langham and Lynch—Billy the son, Jemmy the father. 3. Geo. Holden beat Tom Sayers, Jem Mace, Tom King, Jem Mace, Tom King, Jem Mace, Tom King

score, Abe Bekor winning in 1:41. Prince of Wales was withdrawn before the start.

SECOND RACE.—Steinmanes' division post stake. Purse and stake, $450; four mile heats; nine entries.

The Morlath entered ch. h. Bonnibelle, 3 years old, by Wagner, dam Ann Watson, by imp. Glencoe..... 1 1

Mr. Alexander named b. m. Bayflower, 4 years old, by Leviathan, dam by Bayleaf..... 2 2

Mr. Hogan named g. m. Thunder, 6 years old, by Leviathan, dam Blue Bonnet..... 3 dis.

	TIME.			
	1 Mile.	2 Miles.	3 Miles.	4 Miles.
First heat	1:48½	3:42	5:11	7:18½
Second heat	1:48½	3:44	5:11	7:18½

Bayflower, in the first mile race last fall, was the fastest. Thunder neat, and Bonnibelle last; but it was evident the Thunder was not in condition, and it was as much as Gilbert did (who rode) could do to save her from being distanced in the first heat; after which, by permission of the judges, he was withdrawn.

First Heat.—Bonnibelle, Bayflower, Thunder. Bonnibelle named, with but a length between them, till the first half of the fourth mile was passed, when Thunder commenced to lag, and notwithstanding the whip was freely plied, Bayflower took possession of the lead, and was ahead of Bonnibelle by nearly four lengths, Bonnibelle passed the judges' stand about three lengths in front of Bayflower.

Second Heat.—Bonnibelle led by a length from the start, and kept that position, till she had stretched on the fourth mile, where Bayflower challenged for the lead, but failed in her object, as Bonnibelle was the best by a couple of lengths.

SECOND DAY'S RACES, May 16th.—First Race—Premium of $500, mile heats; four entries.

John McCloy names s f Sheldoddle, 4 yrs old..... 4 1 1
Mr. Kelly names b f Monsoon, 4 yrs old..... 1 2 2
B. F. Hutchinson names b h Lucido, 4 yrs old..... 3 4 3
Dr. Wallace names b f Sweetness, 4 yrs old..... 2 3 4
Barnes & Barry named b f Rainy Night, 4 yrs old..... 5 5 d.
W. H. Rochester named b m Flora Temple, 7 yrs old..... 6 6 d.
T. J. Tanner names b c McCloskey, 4 yrs old..... d.

The race was well contested by Sheldoddle and Monsoon, who were above horses in the betting.

First Heat.—Willie Eye took the running, with Monsoon well up to her at the half mile, and passing her on the last turn—the two being well together, and Sheldoddle a good third, Flora being the best by a length.

Second Heat.—Was only contested between Sheldoddle and Monsoon, the latter leading into the last turn, when she was passed by Sheldoddle, and Monsoon was pulled up to save her for the *Third Heat*.—When a sharp struggle took place for the lead, which was finally captured by Sheldoddle, who maintained it the half mile pole, from which point a sharp race only ended in favor of Sheldoddle by a length.

SECOND RACE.—Sweepstakes $1,500—mile heats, for 3 year olds. Nineteen entries.

Only six entries came to the stand—Mr. Alexander's bay colt Norfolk, by Lexington, dam Maria Dean, by Sovereign; Mr. Ten Eyck's ch. c. Tipperary, by Ringmaster, sire Louisiana, dam Dolly Sevington, by Sovereign; Mr. Kelly's ch. c. Rhadamanthus.

Time—1:46½	1:47	1:48	
THIRD DAY'S RACE, May 18th.—Jerome Race.—Association Premium $500—mile heats, free for all ages.			
W. R. Beasley named b m Lucy, 5 years old.....	1	1	1
Col. McLean named b m Vanessa, 6 years old.....	2	2	2
Dr. Wallace named b h Blue Bonnet, 4 years old.....	3	3	3
Time—1:50; 1:48½; 1:48½.			

Some bloc was premeditated in Vanessa, who would not be allowed to win, which was indignantly repudiated by the judges and owners of the other horses. The mare was ordered to the commissaries of the institution, as she was the first heat by three lengths—the Blue Bonnet had by only half a length, after a sharp struggle. Gilpatrick rode the winner.

SECOND RACE, Premium $500, two mile heats, free for all ages.

J. Hayes, g. m. Lucy, 5 years old, by Leviathan, dam Ella Wheeler to Venture..... 1 1

Kelly names b h Lord Tender, 6 years old, by Sovereign, dam, the dam of Idiocrat..... 2 2

Morlan and Bonner named br h Cayle Alone, 6 years old, by Imp. Sovereign..... 3 3

	TIME.	
	First Mile.	*Second Mile.*
First heat	1:54	3:48
Second heat	1:56	3:50

First Heat.—This was a pretty contest, the horses ran well together, and Brown only passed under the string a length in advance of Tender.

Second Heat.—The Lucy Tender led to the first quarter pole as the race then stood, when he was passed by Cayle Alone, who delivered the second mile three lengths ahead. Lucy closed up a little of this gap, but it was finally passed by Cayle Alone.

The laddie premium of $1500, 2 miles heats for all ages was run for on Friday, May 19th, and was a very pretty contest. Time 3:41; 3:43. It was supposed that over $100,000 changed hands on his victory in the four mile race on Saturday, May 20th.

BILLIARDS.

THE BILLIARD CHAMPIONSHIP OF AMERICA.—Among all our home sporting events, perhaps none excites more general interest than a match game of billiards. Its antiquity, popularity, because its game is more extensively played, and boasts of more first and second class amateurs than any other game, and with such as will compare favorably with the leading players of any other country, and its adaptability for parlor pastime, requiring as much skill, accuracy of nerve, cool judgment, and quick perception combined, it is the game we prefer to believe that our best billiard artists are more expert than those of other nations; for, although the game is of Spanish origin, yet the leading players of England and France have declined to enter into the lists with us, the players in a match, based on equitable terms. The forthcoming billiard match for the American Championship, and definitely fixed to take place on the 9th of June next, at Delmonico, in this city, between Dudley Kavanagh, the present Champion, and Jackson Gelbfuden, of New Hampshire, promises to be one of the most interesting of the leading sporting events of the season. Since the death of the late Mr. Phelan, the last championship matches, Kavanagh having already met and vanquished John Seereiter and Philip Tinnin, it has been generally felt that the palm in this forthcoming encounter remains to be seen. There is a large minority who will be with Gelbfuden, on the ground that the majority, judging from his well-known skill and previous successes, believe that he has as much, if not more, right to claim the premium neither himself nor friends, nor, indeed, any one who has witnessed the contest between Kavanagh and Seereiter, will for a moment allow themselves to believe; least of all will Kavanagh be so foolish as to allow himself to be underrated in the first step towards defeat. We are of the firm belief that it will be one of the most interesting of the leading sporting events of the season, and we feel sure, from the manner in which the preliminaries are being arranged, that the contestants in the latter match between Kavanagh and Goldthwaite are both said to be sanguine of success, and both determined to do their best to do ample justice to the eventful evening. We have not very recently witnessed their meetings with the best of the leading players, and we doubt both are doing some astonishingly big and smart things there in Boston. Gelbfuden, we feel sure, will be ready to have every ball on the day drawn lose, and on the night of the match, we shall expect to witness not a blank game, but a game of some interest. Some Clayton readers may not be posted on the terms of the match, we have, therefore, thus informed them, that it is a game of 4,000, and the gold mounted cue, the badge or emblem of the American Championship, 1500 points, up, of the American carom game. My dear Clayton, it will be played on a table of the size of four pocket tables, which are by far the best adapted for the American game, and, indeed, for any game, and not on a table like the Hippodrome is an extensive edition and superior to living Rat for the purpose, we also hold to be true. The match will be on Thursday, June 9th.

BILLIARDS IN ENGLAND.—Roberts, the brilliant champion of England, played two matches at Nottingham on May 5th and 6th, with W. Dufton. On the 5th, Roberts gave Dufton 600 points in 1,000 50; but Dufton, by a determined effort, succeeded in winning by 976, when the champion passed him, and won the match. During the second day, Roberts gave Dufton 500 points in 1,000, and some fine displays in obtaining red hazards, the most he obtained in succession being 11, Dufton finishing with 14 in a row. In the match, 500 up, was played, Roberts giving 200 points, but no extraordinary features. The largest breaks of the match, made was 50, scored by Mr. Roberts, who ultimately won by 81 points.

THE RING.

AQUATIC IN ALBANY.—THE SIVERS' BELT—RACE TO COME OFF, &c.—The boating season has at last arrived, says the *Albany Morning Express* of the 17th, and we can now see some reason that the corporas all former ones. The boys seem bound to try and do their level. A number of boats have been launched, and more are in assence afloat. Boats and houses have been overhauled, painted, &c., and everything is in good order. It will take place on May 30th (next Wednesday), at six o'clock p. m., over the course, starting from the boat house of the Albany Boat Club, near the ship, on the east side of the river, rowing one and one half miles up and down, between the four and seven mile stakes, and rowing "Dunk Barnum," for the championship of the city. We wish to say to those who have been in the habit of attending our regatta, it should be on hand at the appointed hour, as the managers are where on time. The second race will be rowed for the belt of the Champion Silver Sculling Ball. This splendid prize, (the gift of the inventor of the ball, Mr. Sivers,) will be rowed for by the jewelier, Mr. James Mix, and will be finished about the 20th of this month. This will be "Dunk" and contest between one another, and to those who doubt it, let them visit the best honest and look for themselves. The bell will be placed in the hands of Messrs. Wm. H. Bishop and Chas. Wilson, of the Albany Boat Club, who have selected to act as Trustees. The bell, as we have stated before, is a gem of beauty, and is open for the inspection of this city who wish to compete for it. All necessary information will be had of Trustees.

PROGRAMME.—The season for stream and fresh water fishing is with us, and many modern Waltonians have already got out their rods and reels, and have betakken themselves to the favorite haunts of trout and other favorite varieties of the finny tribe meet do sport. We have not had the best of weather for sport up to now, it being cold and windy for successful hooking, but the weather has now the appearance of becoming more favorable, and we hope we may yet out this windy anglers do not get us on a string about their big strings of fish. We have, during the Spring, had a very pleasant and therefore catch so fish. To crowning Harlem Bridge the other day, we met a party of about seven scamoun, who was trolling a line of wonderful length, and the bait was evidently attached to "the end of creation" we asked. The youthful lads, with solemn visage, yet with a twinkle in their eyes, said "Yes, sir; and yesterday, mister, I touched a fish both the bigness of a tailboat." We guess he'll do.

SPORTING MATTERS IN CANADA.—One of our New York friends, "R. K.," who is now sojourning in Canada, sends us the following under date of Peterborough, Ontario, May 17th:—Lake Quasqueg, having a few leisure moments, I thought I would drop you a few lines descriptive of the day spent in this place, and the sport thereof. There is a ball club, cricket club, shooting club, and chess club here, also an amateur theatrical club. The ball club is playing a series of race course in this place; the location (a fine one), has been selected, and in a month or so I will be able to speak further about it. Peterborough is situated on the Otonabee river, in the township of Smith, Kingston and Quasqueg or Peterborough; is a place of considerable size and importance; its population has increased about 11,000, and is rapidly increasing. A railway connects it with Cobourg, Port Hope and Grand Trunk R. R.

THE ANNUAL BOATS! INDIAN CLUBS!!—No better

indication of the spirit for complicity of use, or leading people to a general development and strengthening of the physical system, can be given than the fact that our athletic public have as a means of pastime. Mr. S. D. KEECH, the principal manufacturer of Indian clubs in this country, is now in receipt of orders from all sections, and he is filling them up as rapidly as possible. Mr. Keech finds the demand for his Indian clubs, Dumb Bells, &c., increase, the Republic Champions, in their training. Also for Dumb Bells and Exercising Brilliant Champion, and Union Jackets, the Aquatic Champion.

Clubs, 4 & 3 lbs..... 34 per pair
Clubs, 2 & 1 lb..... 4 " "
Dumb Bells, 2 & 1 lb..... 4 " "

Orders addressed to S. D. KEECH, Clarence Office, New York, or Brilliant Office, Boston, will receive immediate attention. It is all orders on behalf of New York city must be accompanied with the money.

HARRY JENNINGS

has made many new improvements in his popular

HOUSE OF CALL,

No. 22 PORTLAND STREET, BOSTON,

Where he will be pleased to see his friends and the public. Many of which can be seen at the other saloon in the country, Springfield, Lynn, Lowell, Worcester, Providence, and Boston, and at the bar.

Harry Jennings, 22 Portland street, Boston. Please office to the public his inimitable ARSENTIAL-SOAP, for the decorative purpose of hair, beard, whiskers, and moustache, in accordance: 25 and 50 cents a box. Warranted to kill all vermin in 10 minutes. Also, the celebrated Jennings' Cologne, applied 1.7. 1 ms. a sure cure for Mange, Distemper, and all kinds of diseases, and sent to any part of the United States. Also, agents wanted.

ALBANY SHADES, No. 3 East Houston street.—

JOHN DYKER, Proprietor. Mr. Proprietor, I have been a regular customer of your Shades, and that he has taken possession of the above elegant Saloon, famous for its superior Wines, Liquors and Cigars, and hopes by strict attention to merit the continued and liberal patronage hitherto so lavishly bestowed upon him. EDWIN NOLLEN, Proprietor. 1-tf

THE NAUTILUS BRANCH.—THOMAS C. BURNS

has removed from the Old Homestead on Staten Island to this City, and can boatman's prayer be heard in the Nautilus Branch of the Bowery, Bleecker street, where he has held in a store of the Chickest Wines, Liquors, Ales, and Cigars, making his bar comfortable for the lovers of the "Nautilus," and he is happy to see his friends and the public at the Branch, where all the above luxuries can be enjoyed in Special style.

BOXING GLOVES! BOXING GLOVES!!—OLD

BILL TOWNS, Master of Ceremonies of the Ring, will send per express, on receipt of the money, Boxing Gloves, which he has been in use to the Union, on receipt of $6. GLOVES CLEANED at the shortest notice. Address WILLIAM TOWNS.

1-tf No. 675 Second st., corner of 35th st., N. Y. City.

"ED WILSON!"

Has fitted up the elegant and extensive premises at

CORNER OF BLEECKER AND GROVE STREET,

Corner of Bleecker and Grove streets, as a first class Saloon, and the Sporting boat is ready to bid a hearty welcome to all. His Wines, Liquors, and Cigars are unsurpassed by any Saloon in the City. Splendid Lunch. PORTRAIT GALLERY on exhibition.

"ED" Connected with "THE BUNS," Newhaven, is also open for the Summer Season.

CLIPPER SHADES,

52 MONTGOMERY STREET, JERSEY CITY.

Best Ales, Wines, Liquors and Cigars constantly on hand. Clubs, Dumb Bells, Boxing Gloves, free for the use of visitors.

JOHN DOLAN, Proprietor.

Private Instruction in the Art of Self-Defence. 1-1tw

SPORTSMAN'S HALL,

No. 1 CHURCH STREET, NEW BRUNSWICK, NEW JERSEY.

JOHNNY LOUDON wishes to inform his friends and the public generally that he is now proprietor of this well-known house, and is ready to receive them at any time, and at all times, with a cordial welcome.

Public Sparring every Saturday evening. 1-7tr

THE CHAMPION! THE CHAMPION!!—Greatest

Music Hall and Concert Saloon in the City! No. 664 Broadway, between Bleecker and Houston streets. Open from 10 A. M. to 2 A. M. Unrivaled for its gorgeous decorations, unsurpassed beauty, and capaciousness of the mammoth Music Hall, and the unequaled excellence of its entertainments, the unrivalling lady waiters are to be seen at the Champion. Superb Wands, fit for an emperor, great contests for music, in attendance. Grand Gallery, under the superintendance of Prof. Julius Dorge. CHARLES GROVESTEEN, Manager and Director. Admission free.

THE "STAR OF THE WEST."

NO. 10 CENTRE STREET,

WINES, LIQUORS, ALES, AND CIGARS

CANINE SHOWS EVERY MONDAY EVENING.

The cue for the right geniality is to be found at their door.

BARNEY AARON. [5-tf] ☆ HUGH RILEY.

THE LONDON TAVERN,

NO. 1 BOWERY, CORNER OF PARK STREET, BOSTON.

JACK TORREN, ... Proprietor.

The elegant establishment is now fitted up in the best style, and the Wines, Liquors, Ales, and Cigars are of a superior quality.

The Art of Self-Defence Taught by Jack Turner.

TO ALL WHOM THIS MAY CONCERN.

BE IT KNOWN THAT THE PUBLIC HAS GENERALLY

BE IT KNOWN THAT

HAS OPENED A HOUSE,

4 CHERRY STREET, NEAR THE BRIDGE,

Nashville, Tenn.

Where all good things can be found in the way of Wines, Liquors and Segars. Strangers visiting this part of the country will see him, and be sure of being treated well. 5-6tr

THE CHARLES H. MARSHALL HOUSE,

MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Proprietor.

No. 68 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN.

THE COLDEST WINES,

ALES, WINES, LIQUORS, AND SEGARS. 6-3m*

JOHN ASH, wishes to inform his friends and the

public that he has sold out his saloon on the corner of Pearl and Chatham streets, and now hoists his flag on the

UNION HOUSE, 103 WEST 42d STREET.

Where the best Ales, Wines, Liquors and Segars are always kept on hand. LODGINGS by the Day or Week. 7-1tr

"THE PASTIME."

NO. 102 EAST HOUSTON STREET,

Best Ales, Wines, Liquors and Cigars, constantly on hand.

JOHN BOLLINGER, Proprietor.

N. B.—Private lessons given in SPARRING. 7-1tr

SADDLE ROCK OYSTER AND DINING SALOON,

Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars of superior quality.

Refreshments at all hours.

M. TRAINOR & M. STANTON, Proprietors.

PRIVATE LESSONS IN THE ART OF SELF-DEFENCE, by MICHAEL TRAINOR.

7-1tf

THE X-10-U-S.

NO. 12 EAST HOUSTON STREET.

HARRY LEARDY, Proprietor

Everything "Per Boss Fashion." Edibles, Bibibles, and Smokables, of the Choicest Brands. Gentlemen's Resort. Brandy welcome every one. Open Day and Night.

PRIVATE LESSONS GIVEN IN SPARRING. 6-1tf

THE WIDOW PHILLIPS' BENEFIT.

THE PRIZES TO BE DISPLAYED FOR SALE HERE AT BEN WILSON'S.

A very full house, but not so good as we anticipated, assembled at the Sparring Saloon, Bowery, on the 20th inst. The house was very close, and this together with Cole's benefit at the New Bowery, on the same night, prevented the sport from proved, on the boxing thrown in, and Charley Fox's at the Old Bowery, on the same night, had contributed to do with the place not being full. The sport was good, and it is very lucky for the originators of the affair that the City Authorities are not in the habit of using the Law against, or make the show attractive, Messrs. Mike Brady and Billy Borst were unable to be present, owing to the fact that they had left the glove for the best sparrer, and a set of Echoe's Indian clubs for each to stand have backed for the champion of the day and to the admiring gaze of the spectators. It was found necessary to have a table placed on the stage, and the sparring commenced as the lady Chairley Phillips was known to but few people in this city, except the Sporting Men, who, by the way, are the class of whom we sing in their hosts, and seldom if ever attend public fetes. Our gallant friend Wilson, who had charge of the affair, fought that the Kingsland and Ned Wilson fight, and although we have had our fun, yet we feel it our duty to say, we hope, from the heart so open that, after understanding the man's peculiarities, it was impossible not to have a good opinion of him. He is the case on a limited knowledge, we can readily conceive how much so good have been the pleasure of being disgraced or sent

ADMISSION FIFTY CENTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY A. S. PRENTISS.

Aroun breakfast I came down street t'other day,
When I noticed, upon the chief wall,
That a party of minstrels were then on their way
To play in Carnelian Hall.
And I went up still closer to see and to hear,
When I noticed the bills posted thereon,
Burst once has grown lighter, yet is it so dear
That we must pay open prices
To take our place in the hall of the chief
Of "going up" in the next crisis?
I guess not, for I paid my fifty cents
To assure myself tickets were priced Fifty Cents.

Signed from the bills in no-line pica type,
"Ethiopian Opera Company,"
"Gaudy twenty-five," and I with a gripe,
For Fifty's a heavy one,
"Twenty-five-cents," said a man in the crowd,
And "Now are you, Fifty?" was called out loud.

I entered, delighted, and looking with cheer,
Was in the hall at the office and thicker,
When close to my elbow and close to my ear,
Rather gruffly I heard a voice say,
And I noticed him the quaint dry humor,
"Just fancy that could be, I guess to go in.

"Why," said Mo, with a smile and a private side wink,
"Who truth to you ought to be clear,
The Hollis and the Force, and the Minstrels and Drink
I assure you are now dearly dear!
The Minstrels are dearer, I think, of that their bones,
And are all getting jobs to buy Gov'ment homes!"

THE QUAKER MILL,

OR,

PEACE THROUGH CONQUEST.

A Sketch of Real Life.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

There is a section of the State of New York, not a hundred miles from the "Empire City" of the Union, known as the "Quaker section." It derives its name from the fact that nearly all the inhabitants of that section are Quakers. They have a large Quaker meeting-house, one for the "will school" and the other for the "new." Their farms, their homes and barns, their fine cattle, poultry, better gardens, cannot be found in any other section of the State. But this is not the story which the reader wants.

Not an hour's drive from the meeting-houses dwelt two Quaker sons for nearly the first half of a century of life, and who, though their farms joined each other, had been strangers to each other. Their nearest very polite, Joshua Fryer, belonging to the old school order, and Elijah Smart, belonging to the new. In youth they had been considered the same mould, and Elijah being rather the best looking, and having an hundred more acres of land than Joshua, was the lucky man who married the fair Susannah off in Illinois. And as he more than once said, never meaning a double entendre, as the ungodly might and he had been "in court" over the place, "Joshua was revengeful, despite his drab cloth and broad-brimmed hat." He had loved Susannah dearly, and while he vowed inwardly that he would never marry, he had made that Elijah sure as his bible of wedded bliss as possible.

So on the very night of their marriage, some ungodly boys, for a wager, made off with a hundred pounds of unknown parson to the front of the dwelling of Elijah Smart, and fastened the sight long they kept up a very concert of horrible sounds produced by cracked trumpets, old cow bells, tin pans, and discordant fiddle. In vain did Elijah desire the guest in peace—so they would not, even after he had rolled out a barrel of his best cider to pacify the rascals. Joshua was one of the boys, and he had bribed in misery until near day-light, and then kept the secret to himself, for he was afraid that it would disturb his early matrimonial hours.

Elijah prided himself on his horses, and he invariably drove to meeting two magnificent switch-tailed bays for which he had refused a cool thousand dollars in his days of single-priveledgeship; for he had a great Susannah to be proud of their beauty, and he determined to save that sacrifice for her pleasure. On Saturday night the day of his marriage he went early to the pasture to catch the horses and take them to the stable to be cleaned ready for use when he wished to go to meeting.

Alas for him, some one, he could not tell who, had been there before him, and he found the horses shot through Sampson of old, of their chief beauty. Where the long switch-tails were, nothing was to be seen but the two bony stumps from which the hair had grown. They had evidently taken in the night time, Elijah did not swear, he was better than all other men. He turned pale as the snowy table-cloth which Susannah delighted to spread for Mr. Elijah's table, and he left the house for the stable, for he could have traced the man who had done him that grievous wrong by the tracks in the dew, and taking off his Quaker coat and hat for a brief season, become worldly in nature and either have "lammed" the villain right "lammed" himself.

But he was not Indian enough to find the tracks. So he went home to his Susannah, and told her of his sore trouble, and when he saw her weep he wept to keep her company, and then he had to dry his tears and go to the horses to his handsome rockaway and go to meeting in much better style than he had intended to have done.

He saw Joshua at their meeting house, an unusual thing, for Joshua invariably attended the other one, down the street. Joshua was in a new and very fine meeting wagon before the meeting-house and greeted him and Susannah in an unusually cordial manner.

"Why doth thee not drive thy handsome bays, Elijah?" he asked, looking rather hard at the old plough horses on their cushy tails.

"Perhaps thee knows best why I don't drive the bays to-day" he said, as he unhitched the horses and put his own and darted into the meeting house.

There was a very unpleasant rumor on the face of Joshua when he saw his friend Elijah disappear with his bride.

It would take more columns than the CLIPPER could spare for one story to tell half the miseries that with each succeeding year came upon poor Elijah Smart, his misfortune, losses, and mortifications of spirit and body. He had so many troubles, the originator of which he could never discover, that he became morose with everybody almost unlike to poor Susannah, and as unhappy looking as man could be. His neighbors could not be delightedly when he was always in an ugly humor, and he became very unpopular. When the rebellion came, he was the person who happened to be a strong Republican and an Administration man, and he was, of course, accused of all the sins done that he was a *Peace Democrat* and opposed to all wars in general and this war in particular, and the Administration that kept it up.

This amounted to an open declaration of war between him and his neighbors. Many were the quarrels they met and more than once were the epithets, "sniger worshipper" and "copperhead" bandied between them, at times it seemed as if words would not suffice, but blows must come; but some "friend" would generally remind them of the "persecution" which he could never have discover, that he became morose with everybody almost unlike to poor Susannah, and as unhappy looking as man could be. His neighbors could not be delightedly when he was always in an ugly humor, and he became very unpopular. When the rebellion came, he was the person who happened to be a strong Republican and an Administration man, and he was, of course, accused of all the sins done that he was a *Peace Democrat* and opposed to all wars in general and this war in particular, and the Administration that kept it up.

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THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

R. A. B., Detroit.—Both letters read the same day; neither contained the enclosure mentioned. Thank you for the games; will give the short one soon. Thanks for other information.

J. F. Swann, Detroit.—We sent you a copy of "Clarke Chess Prize Tourney" by the hands of Mr. Eder; could you ascertain what has become of it?

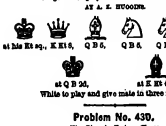
Chess-Nuggets.—We have a spare copy each of "*Lasker Chess Question*," by Walker; and Vol. 1 of the "*Chess Monthly*," which we shall be willing to dispose of—the former at $2.75, the latter at $2.50, *post paid*.

Our Problems.—In order fully to appreciate our present, and next week's problem, they should be placed side by side, this one on the left, and be studied together.

Enigma No. 430.

Arranged from play and dedicated to beginners.

AT A K. BUCKING.



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at Kt sq., K Kt 6, Q B 6, Q R 4, Q Kt 6, Q Kt 8th.

WHITE.

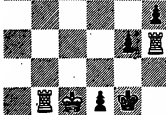
at Q R 2d, at K Kt 4th.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

Problem No. 430.

The Stamds: Tuba-Cway.

BY JAMES O. WARNER.



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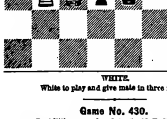

WHITE.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

Game No. 430.

An excellent little game played in the N. Y. C. C. between our contributor F. M. Elder, of Detroit, and Dr. Zerega.

EVANS GAMBIT.

Attack. Mr. Elder.	Defence. Mr. Zerega.	Attack. Mr. Elder.	Defence. Mr. Zerega.
1.—P to K 4	P to K 4	17.—Q Kt 3	P to Q B 3
2.—K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	18.—Q Kt-B 3	Q Kt-K 1
3.—B B-B 4	B B-B 4	19.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
4.—P Q-Kt 4	B × Kt P	20.—Q B-B 2	B-B 4
5.—P Q-B 3	B-Q B 4	21.—B-Q 3	B-B 3
6.—Castles	P Q-Q 3	22.—K Kt-Kt 5	P × Kt
7.—P Q-Q 4	K P × P	23.—Kt-Q 3	Castles
8.—P × P	K Kt-K 2	24.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
9.—P Q-Q 5	Q Kt-K 1	25.—K R × R	K × R
10.—P-K 5	Q Kt-Q 2	26.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
11.—Q Kt-Q 2	P-Q B 3	27.—K Kt-K 4	Q Kt-B 1
12.—P-K 4	P × P	28.—Q Kt-Q 2	Kt-Kt 3
13.—P × P	Q Kt-Q 2	29.—Q Kt-Q 3	Q × P
14.—Q Kt-B 3	P-Q B 3	30.—Q R-Q 1	K-Q 1
15.—Q Kt-Q 2	Q Kt-K 1	31.—Q Kt-B 4	Q × P
16.—Q Kt-B 3	Q Kt-Q 2	32.—K R × Kt	K R × Kt
17.—Q Kt-Q 2	P-K 3	33.—Q R-K 1	P-K R 3
18.—P-Q B 3	P-Q B 4	34.—K Kt-B 2	Q R-K 1
19.—P-Q R 3	P-Q R 3	35.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
20.—P-Q Kt 4	P-Q Kt 4	36.—Q R-Q 2	Q R-Q 2
21.—P × P	P × P	37.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
22.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	38.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
23.—Q R-Q 2	Q R-Q 2	39.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
24.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	40.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
25.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	41.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
26.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	42.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
27.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	43.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
28.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	44.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
29.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	45.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
30.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	46.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
31.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	47.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
32.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	48.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
33.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	49.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
34.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	50.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
35.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	51.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
36.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	52.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
37.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	53.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
38.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	54.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
39.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	55.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
40.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	56.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
41.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	57.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
42.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	58.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
43.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	59.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
44.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	60.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
45.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	61.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
46.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	62.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
47.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	63.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
48.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	64.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
49.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	65.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
50.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	66.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
51.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	67.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
52.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	68.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
53.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	69.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
54.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	70.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
55.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	71.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
56.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	72.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
57.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	73.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
58.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	74.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
59.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	75.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
60.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	76.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
61.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	77.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
62.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	78.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
63.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	79.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
64.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	80.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
65.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	81.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
66.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	82.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
67.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	83.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
68.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	84.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
69.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	85.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
70.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	86.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
71.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	87.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
72.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	88.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
73.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	89.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
74.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	90.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
75.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	91.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
76.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	92.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
77.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	93.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
78.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	94.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
79.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	95.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
80.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	96.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
81.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	97.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
82.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	98.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
83.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	99.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
84.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	100.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
85.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	101.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
86.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	102.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
87.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	103.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
88.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	104.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
89.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	105.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
90.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	106.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
91.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	107.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
92.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	108.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
93.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	109.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
94.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	110.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
95.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	111.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
96.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	112.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
97.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	113.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
98.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	114.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
99.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	115.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
100.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	116.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
101.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	117.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
102.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	118.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
103.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	119.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
104.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	120.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
105.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	121.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
106.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	122.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
107.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	123.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
108.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	124.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
109.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	125.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
110.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	126.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
111.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	127.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
112.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	128.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
113.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	129.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
114.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	130.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
115.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	131.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
116.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	132.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
117.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	133.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
118.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	134.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
119.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	135.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
120.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	136.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
121.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	137.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
122.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	138.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
123.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	139.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
124.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	140.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
125.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	141.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
126.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	142.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
127.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	143.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
128.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	144.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
129.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	145.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
130.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	146.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
131.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	147.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
132.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	148.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
133.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	149.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
134.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	150.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
135.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	151.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
136.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	152.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
137.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	153.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
138.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	154.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
139.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	155.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
140.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	156.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
141.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	157.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
142.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	158.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
143.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	159.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
144.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	160.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
145.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	161.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
146.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	162.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
147.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	163.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
148.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	164.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
149.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	165.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
150.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	166.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
151.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	167.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
152.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	168.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
153.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	169.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
154.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	170.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
155.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	171.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
156.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	172.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
157.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	173.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
158.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	174.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
159.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	175.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
160.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	176.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
161.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	177.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
162.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	178.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
163.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	179.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
164.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	180.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
165.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	181.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
166.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	182.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
167.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	183.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
168.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	184.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
169.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	185.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
170.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	186.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
171.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	187.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
172.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	188.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
173.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	189.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
174.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	190.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
175.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	191.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
176.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	192.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
177.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	193.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
178.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	194.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
179.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	195.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
180.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	196.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
181.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	197.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
182.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	198.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
183.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	199.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
184.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	200.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
185.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	201.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
186.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	202.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
187.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	203.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
188.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	204.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
189.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	205.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
190.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	206.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
191.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	207.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
192.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	208.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
193.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	209.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
194.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	210.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
195.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	211.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
196.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	212.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
197.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	213.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
198.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	214.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
199.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	215.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
200.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	216.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
201.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	217.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
202.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	218.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
203.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	219.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
204.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	220.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
205.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	221.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
206.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	222.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
207.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	223.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
208.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	224.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
209.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	225.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
210.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	226.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
211.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	227.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
212.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	228.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
213.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	229.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
214.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	230.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
215.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	231.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
216.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	232.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
217.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	233.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
218.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	234.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
219.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	235.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
220.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	236.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
221.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	237.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
222.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	238.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
223.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	239.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
224.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	240.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
225.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	241.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
226.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	242.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
227.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	243.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
228.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	244.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
229.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	245.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
230.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	246.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
231.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	247.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
232.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	248.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
233.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	249.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
234.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	250.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
235.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	251.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
236.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	252.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
237.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	253.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
238.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	254.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
239.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	255.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
240.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	256.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
241.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	257.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
242.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	258.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
243.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	259.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
244.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	260.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
245.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	261.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
246.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	262.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
247.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	263.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
248.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	264.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
249.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	265.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
250.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	266.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
251.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	267.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
252.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	268.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
253.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	269.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
254.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	270.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
255.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	271.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
256.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	272.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
257.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	273.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
258.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	274.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
259.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	275.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
260.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	276.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
261.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	277.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
262.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	278.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
263.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	279.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
264.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	280.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
265.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	281.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
266.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	282.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
267.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	283.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
268.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	284.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
269.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	285.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
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271.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	287.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
272.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	288.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
273.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	289.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
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275.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	291.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
276.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	292.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
277.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	293.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
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279.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	295.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
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281.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	297.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
282.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	298.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
283.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	299.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
284.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	300.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
285.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	301.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
286.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	302.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
287.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	303.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
288.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	304.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
289.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	305.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
290.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	306.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
291.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	307.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
292.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	308.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
293.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	309.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
294.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	310.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
295.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	311.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
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300.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	316.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
301.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	317.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
302.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	318.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
303.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	319.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
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306.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	322.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
307.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	323.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
308.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	324.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
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310.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	326.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
311.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	327.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
312.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	328.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
313.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	329.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
314.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	330.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
315.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	331.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1
316.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1	332.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1
317.—Q R-Q 1	Q R-Q 1	333.—Q R-K 1	Q R-K 1

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Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Minstrel Professions.

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MR. We have letters for Mrs. Isabella A. Preston or Miss Mary Preston, from California; Charles Mackie, Jersey City; Benjamin H. Wall, Brooklyn; D. D. Underwood, Billy Barker, Benjamin H. Wall, Richard Mansfield, Mr. Wallace, Mr. Wallack, Mr. Wallack, Miss Charlotte Thompson, Mrs. Kate (W. H.) Ward, J. Gordon, Mr. Wallack, E. Fitz, A. Fitz, Mr. Fitz, Mr. Fitz, Miss H. Gordon, H. B. Clarke, E. Sheridan, H. B. Clarke, R. Sheridan, D. S. Murphy, from Georgia.

City Summary.

MONDAY, May 25th, 1861.

THERE was less excitement during the week now in its last than preceding it, and amusements were in a more flourishing condition in consequence. While the notice of Lent was going on, we were all upside down. When victory seemed within our grasp, and the dark days of Rockaway were forgotten, so that we could get in bats at night, we were pretty heavy on the fight, and the Lent Bill of Fare was a most unpalatable one, from the load for fasting on," and war was voted a good thing to do when our side fighting, and the Union was in danger, and we were in the condition of hostilities, we also halted, and talked less glibly than we had done. Still, if our side was successful, we felt we must go on with the war, and we quietly simmered down in hopes that it would be all over. We had, we said, our fresh troops with some new enthusiasm, and the people of this city it mattered to the universe world, or the rest of the universe, became very little which. "First come, first served," Abraham Lincoln, Esq., Illinois, opened the festive ball on Broadway with a "Jim Crow" Jubilee, called "Bel Demonio," and Mr. Jefferson Davis, to see it, he was obliged to come again an opportunity to see another Jack Sheppard on horseback, and the Battalion crowded the New York Hippodrome. The Jim Crow Jubilee was a most fresh and exciting, or, like Moses, "well spike." Anything will answer, when the mind is in a state of excitement. Everything went to, also from his grave, invent and compose a new drawable work of a "Jubilee" Jim Crow, for the other side had made a "jubilee" in the cessation of hostilities, we also halted, and talked less glibly than we had done. If our side was successful, we felt we must go on with the war, and we quietly simmered down in hopes that it would be all over. We had, we said, our fresh troops with some new enthusiasm, and the people of this city it mattered to the universe world, or the rest of the universe, became very little which. "First come, first served."

Music Hall.

KIMBY'S VARIETIES, Hartford, Ct., is selling along in the idea of success. Visits on its voyage is occasionally heave to and takes on board a fresh cargo of artists; it does about every with its living freight on a prosperous cruise. Changes was made last week in the bill, Professor Hoffman, the Sparkling Wonder, the magician, he left and joined Lake's Circus, and his "exit" was filled by Joe Wood, a good comic singer. Mrs. Lorraine Perry, Lizzie Marshall, and Lizzie Tyler are the stars at present.

FROST DRAGON'S VARIETIES, St. Louis, Mo., was in receipt of good accounts of its prosperity and popularity. On the evening of the 13th, Miss Kate Pennyer, the pleasing dancerine and actress, was the recipient of a complimentary benefit, on the house, given as a souvenir, "was crowded from ...gunst to gallery, and Miss Pennyer was presented with a purse." The star has appeared as Mahlinde and Marthe, Alma, in the "French Spy," and during the piece displayed her unquestionable talents, the sister dance and her sword skill by a combat with Mr. Chapman, delightful the sensation longer remained. Miss Colin Hovley made her first appearance since her return from Europe on the same evening as Cupidine (specialist in "The Queen of the Forest." They have a very full company at the Varieties, the programmes are varied, well performed, and the audiences appear to be a general thing very well pleased.

TURNER'S VARIETIES, Pittsburgh, continues to be well patronized. The place is conducted well, and the public appreciate an institution of this kind. Bert Spencer's benefit came off on the 16th, and was an occasion that Mr. Wheeler may well be proud of, the house was crowded, and the performance was enjoyed by every one. Mahaney, Johnny London, and abl. Hughes, the "Irish Boy," are in a great fancy with the boys, and at their hands will always receive the appreciation he so richly merits.

MISS JULIA HOGGAN was booked for a San Francisco visit at Maguire's Opera House, on the 18th, as a pleasing and versatile performer. Bert of the New idea, has engaged Her to fill the place made vacant by Miss Cora Pearl.

BUTLER'S MUSIC HALL is still open in Virginia City, but there is some talk of a managerial change. Sherry Corbyn's name is very prominently mentioned in this connection, but we hardly think that he can be induced to leave San Francisco. He now has the management of Hayes' Park, where he has been very successful for the past three months.

THE GAYETY MUSIC HALL, Albany, N. Y., is as its name indicates, one of the gayest places in that town to visit for an evening's amusement; and the company there is of that any kind of talent that will drive dull care away, and make the blues turn to cream back again. As will be seen by an advertisement in another column, the programme for the week ending Saturday, 22d, that place has forwers on his pay-roll, and is looking around for more, including a good lady vocalist, dancerine and jig dancer. Let Mr. Farwell and fascinating females of the "prefish," as well as those of the male gender, be on the lookout for a job.

CASTLEMOUNT HALL, Harrisburg, under the management of J. H. Rogers, is doing a fine business with Billy Pooley, Joe Miller, Hugh O'Donnell, Harry Mason, Kate and Lilla Harris.

W. BOROWELL AND ANNA BOROWELL, with their dog Dick, have met about an engagement with Mr. Castlemont, in Harrisburg, and go to Columbia and Marietta, Pa., prior to opening at Lee's Academy, Baltimore.

HYDECOCK, who opened the National Hall, Harrisburg, on the 9th, under the management of J. L. Hall, has been drawing good houses since the opening.

THE VARIETIES, Columbus, O., is a popular place of resort for the amusement loving denizens of that town, which may be accounted for chiefly by the fact that Manager John M. Kinney continually keeps up a full and talented company. As at present constituted, it includes Miss Lizzie Hosmer, Miss Lizzie Lee, Le Della Clark, Miss Louisa Birch, Lizzie Mitchell, Alice Christine, Jimmy Prochnikoff, Jim Woods, Dave Wilson, J. A. Dorsey, Frank Wilson, Phil. Dickenbach, Nick Emmet and Master Lilly. The company has performed one hundred and thirty-five nights at Columbus, which is said to be the longest season ever known there, and may be accepted as an evidence of the estimation in which the Varieties is held by the Columbusites.

LILE MARSHALL, the graceful and intropid dancerine and light opera artist, has, we regret to learn, been very sick at her home in Boston, but is fully was unable to appear at the Canterbury, Washington, D. C., as announced last week. We hope the temporary retirement of this establishment will have an opportunity of treating their opera on her graceful movements, which will commence on Monday evening, 23rd inst. Judging from the praises bestowed on her, she will be a great acquisition to the Canterbury for the ensuing month.

AT THE ARCHERON MUSIC HALL, Cleveland, O., according to the written evidence of two witnesses, a good business is being done. If a programme before us, the variety entertainment, which is given on performance is given nightly by a numerous and well selected company, which is made up from amongst the Mademoiselles Belle Duval, Kitty Fleetwether, Mlle Minnie, Le Della Valada, Mlle Lillie, Mlle Marie Stanton, Cora Pearl, the Miss Fanny, Mattie Howard.

THE WIGWAM closed her brilliant engagement at the Chicago Varieties on the 18th inst. ..... Miss Clara Butler is one of the volcanic spirits in the Varieties, and, as a contrast to her, and the other' sealing, introduced the name of Geo. McClellan in a Bronzie manner. A few hisses were the result, which were the almost at unanimously drowned by a burst of genuine applause. The vocalist, is a fine one, and hisses were no doubt intended for Mr. McClellan, but that she would sing the praises as long as she had a drop of blood in her veins." Hope for the best.

A New Comic Seen called "Miss in a Halloon Car," now being sung in London, is said to be the production of Miss Emma Brown, M. Harrison, comic singer, as per advertisement elsewhere.

MATHEAN LOUIS has an engagement at the Varieties in Philadelphia. In the line of names we find Mlle Lizzie Trevor, Mlle Ada Belt, A. Bell, Mlle Lizzie Elsworth, Mr. H. Dalton, Mlle Annette Fraux, John Forbes, and old "Pop" Rice, who is a decided favorite one of the most natural representatives of darkey life in the profession.

THE GOODWIN, Philadelphia, closed on the 21st for a short season, the management having secured the Chestnut Street Theatre, beginning for the Casino.

DEBILLEMONT AND WARD, dancplists, are yet among the features of the Casino, Philadelphia. Tim Hayes publishes a card in our advertising columns, in reply to a challenge from Mr. Ward.

THE GERMANIA, Philadelphia, opened on the 16th with the management of Jr. Wolfe, the following company: Mlle Schwarz, Geo. Andrews, Mr. F. Wiegand, Geo. W. Harris and Jno. Weaver.

AT THE ACADEMY, Washington, D. C., continues to be attracting crowded houses by the excellent manner in which he caters for the public taste. His programme has been on a capital one, replete with a host of attractive novelties and performances. Poole's adaptation of "Cudjo's Cave" was produced on the 20th for seven or four, Billy West as Cudjo, Mulligan as Toby, and Jenny Forrest as Virginia Villers. In addition to the usual dancing and music, a dress was given by the company, among whom was Don Salvino Gobondoie, one of the best contortionists and trick-dancing performers in the business; also Billy West and John Mulligan, the comedy "Laughing" duet, Jenny Forrest, Phil Wall, "Cudjo's Cave" will be kept on the bills, and Marietta Hirel, the charming dancerine and light opera performer pair in an appearance.

Circuses.

THE LITTLE GREEN DOG BILLY, one of the best in Canada, did nearly to better business. She is said to have a very good performer, successfully accomplishing all the most difficult canine feats of the animal kind.

SALISBURY & BOWERS' CIRCUS CHOOTS will commence the travelling season at Lancaster, Pa., on the 25th inst.

SLAYMAKER & NORMAN'S CIRCUS is billed at New Haven, Conn., for the 25th and 26th.

SHERER & DRAGOO'S CIRCUS shows at New Haven, Conn., on the 25th inst.

JOHN BOROWOW'S CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE was at Bucyrus, Ohio, on the 18th. While at West Liberty, Ohio, on the 20th, the boys had quite an engagement with John Lewis' Side-show. Lewis has a collection of birds, Sparrow, Hawks, Owls, Eagles, etc., and while cleaning one of the cages, one of the pet figures got out and made for the crowd, and made a very amusing time for some hours before seen. The tiger's first act was to seize a horse, which he killed, and then, as he was being driven back to his cage, well-known animal-performer, happened to be near, and, after considerable trouble, killed and at the risk of his life, the animal was safely caged. Holmes was severely, but not dangerously injured. The tiger is now in good condition, and, as he is a fine sitting lion, he ought to do well.

THE BOSTON CIRCUS, Boston, Mass., closed on the 20th inst. with Gus Shaw as second. The Circus has a number of good artists.

SELLERS & LAPPIN'S CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE will exhibit at Sellersville, Pa., on the 25th inst. Sellers and Lappin, Mr. and Mrs. Hudson, 27th; Akron, 28th; and Canton, 29th.

THE HOWES CIRCUS, from Boston, Mass., pitched in Cincinnati, Saturday, sep.—"McIlvile's Australian Circus came and performed to big audiences for a week, and left for Cincinnati, Toledo, Lake and Norton arrived, and realized an immense business during a week. They have an excellent circus and menagerie, and deserve success feature is Billie Alice, who I look upon as the most graceful and dashing equestrian in the country. Lake has an equilibrist attraction that takes the multitude in the shape of an elaborately dressed and carved dolphin balancing on a pole, which balance is proving an immense "drawing" team in the rural districts throughout the Ohio. ..... Robinson's Great Railroad Circus will be here within two weeks, and after them the "Hippo-Zoological" institution of Dolphin and Bailey.

VAN AMBURGH & CO'S MENAGERIE exhibits in New Bedford the 1st, Worcester 3rd, Syracuse 25th, Rochester 26th, Buffalo 27th, Binghamton 28th, and Herkimer 29th inst. At Providence the big elephant, pole and tent, will be used for the first time this season. It may be considered that there is a right smart gulfsaw of tribe shows. The giraffe and all the elephants are in Albany, notwithstanding that there has been a good deal of bad weather.

WEBSTER, HANCK, AND HITCHCOCK'S CIRCUS was in Lowell, Mass., on the 20th, Nashua, 21st, and Portsmouth, N. H., 22d, and was as follows:—Concord, N. H. 24th, Pittsfield 25th, Dover 26th, Plymouth 27th, and Portland 28th and 29th. A correspondent writes us that the exception of the "clowning" the show is a good one, but not otherwise good enough to take with a good show, everything in a chrome company.

MANNING BROS. are successfully arrived in New York on the 22nd, from Port au Prince.

Sells' and Kiro pitched tent in Pittsburgh on the 16th, remaining through the week. ..... Gardner and Hemmings' Circus follows, this week.

Miscellaneous.

MAX MANSFIELD had a light house at his Opera House in Castleton Hall, Rochester, on the 19th inst. Sig. Lotti, tenor, was booked, and made but a single appearance. Miss Laura Bell is to thought to possess a voice equal to Madame Varkin. Mr. Abel is the manager, and Mr. Lotti is supplied by the Barnum Press. The troupe were at Buffalo on the 21st.

THE CHINESE REVOLUTIONIST FAMILY were in Binghamton, N. Y., on the 20th.

ALICE DEAN, the Arctic Princess, is to take for some time rest song in the Army of the Potomac, is now concertizing in the western section of the State. She was at Rochester on the 19th, Buffalo 20th, Dunkirk 21st, Erie 22d, Cleveland 23th, Sandusky 24th, Toledo 25th. Rochester is acting as her agent.

A BRAMBOTTOM, with one hundred and forty superior views, quality, curves, and in the necessary separates and accompanies for travelling, is offered for sale at a bargain. Address Dyer, Dyer for considerably less than cost.

Hungerford lectures on "Cheek" did not please the Rochester public on the 19th inst. They seemed to think that he must have had a deal of "cheek" to expect to come to hear for a such a subject.

DOUTCHLER AND PATTY were greeted with full houses in Dunkirk and Rochester.

THE GARDEN ZOLIEN TROUPE was in the small towns of New Hampshire last week. On the 18th they were at Keene, where, as the business: from thence they went to Brattleboro, Vt, for one night.

AL BOW'S WAR SHOW opens in New Haven, Conn., the 23rd inst.

THE TRICK TROUPE, from the Continental, Philadelphia, and under the patronage of Dr. Tilton, Wm. Pierce, was at New Haven, Conn., on the 18th, and went thence to Worcester, Mass., the balance of the week.

A. P. BALL'S GYMNASTIC SHOW, accompanied by a brass band, is giving performances and travelling through the State, giving performance under canvas. The show is advertised ahead as follows: Lowville 24th, Carthage 25th, and Watertown 26th.

Amateur.

THE ELMIRA (N. Y.) DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION was to give an entertainment at Ely Hall in that city on the 24th inst., under the management of Mr. Wm. C. Fowler, the piece being "Sally" and "A Pretty Piece of Business" were the pieces to be performed. The leading parts were assigned to Messrs. W. C. Fowler, S. Cook, Jr., and Mr. Wm. Wright, Jr. Mr. Howe's two pieces of business during former entertainments of the Association, Mrs. S. Conkey, and a lady from Corning, will be the entertainers on the 24th at the benefit of the Ladies Hospital Aid Society.

THE AMATEUR DRAMATIC DINNER CLUB, of Montreal, C. E., gave an entertainment at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, on the 19th inst.

THE DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION gave a dramatic and musical entertainment at the Assembly Rooms, New Brighton, S. I., on the evening of Mr. Wm. Chase's benefit, on the 20th inst. "Pity Swiss Cottage, or Why don't she marry," was performed. Mrs. Milner and Mr. Lambert sang Mr. Ziriteskie played a pianoforte solo, and Mr. Webster, a rotorual soliloq. a concertina solo. Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Webster, "two gentlemen of colour," danced a comic scene, entitled "The Two Dromios." Mrs. Milner and Messrs. Lambert and Webster also specially performed.

THE ROSE OF A SERIES of amateur dramatic performances, for the benefit of Mr. D. S. Mahaney Dramatic Club, takes place at the Opera House, Buffalo, on the 24th inst. The entertainment will consist of the comedy of "Pocahontas" and the burlesque of the romance of the "Hiaiface Bough," and the pantomime of Jack and Gillian of Buffalo. The characters are to be represented by ladies and gentlemen of that city.

THE Mr. Chas. Garrison at Halifax gave an amateur performance at the Theatre Royal on the 18th and 19th inst.

Foreign Dramatic and Show News.

ADELINA PATTI is still in Paris, severally defiant of all rivalry or competition. She is now by general assent the prima donna amiable of Europe. Her fame is so well known throughout the world, that it is unnecessary to dwell on her merits. Her "staying" and acting the part superior to anyone else that has sung in Paris, is a fact that needs no comment to the judgment of the best critics. It is stated in a Paris journal that Patti has recently received a letter from Mr. Gye, in which he states an annuity on her parents.

LEONORA WEBER VON WEBERSA," by Nicolai, has been produced in an Italian version, at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, Mr. James Sawyer is well known throughout the United States, for the principal London and Provincial theatres, at the age of sixty-three.

HENRIETTA CROCH, which had been almost completed by Mr. Charles Hughes, Mr. Alfred Rhodes, and Mr. Inkersell, was totally destroyed by fire May 4th. Smoke was first discovered at half-past five o'clock, and in a few minutes after the building at eleven o'clock, and in a few minutes after, nothing remained but a smouldering mass of flame. In about half an hour the artistic portion of the building was in a state of ruin. Nearly a very valuable pony, named Buckie, was burned to death. Other animals were saved, but the loss of property is very great. Many of the costumes and properties stored in the Circus, must of which, it is stated, are uninsured. Nothing is at present known of the origin of the fire, though it is alleged that the accident happened while workmen were at work on the premises. It is stated that the contractor for the building had given it over to Mr. Hengler, who intended to open it on the 18th, and that the latter gentleman will be at considerable loss. The Circus was to have been inaugurated on Monday, 23rd.

GIACOMO METEBEERA, the eminent composer, is no more. He died at Paris the May 2d, aged 65. The illustrious maestro was cut-bed to a malady of the intestines, the first symptoms of which did not give him any uneasiness, but ended in a fatal result. Only a week previous, he was in sufficiently good health to make some arrangements for a journey which he intended to undertake. During nearly the whole period of his illness he presented no disordered mind, he was in his right mind very well, though free from pain. His death was very sudden, though free from pain. His death was very sudden, though free from pain. His death was very sudden

AMUSEMENTS.

To Advertisers.

We call the attention of Managers and Professionals to the Clipper as the representative of the entire circulation of the New York Dramatic Newspapers of America, to the unknown merit of our Circulation, as, due to the following schedule of rates for advertising:

Twenty cents per line for each and every insertion; for dramatic notices, 25 cents per line; for notices intended to open summary, 25 cents per line; Professional Cards published with, however, be made for advertisements, a Special Schedule of Terms will be given in advance. Any of publication when paid for three or six months in advance.

Regular Notices of each week.

Communications to insure attention in the issue for that week, should reach us by Monday morning, at least, or Saturday, if possible, and invariably be addressed to

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor,
No. 22 Spruce street, N. Y.

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The Company is composed of the following Talented Artists:

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In a new variety of Songs, Dances, Burlesques, Plantation Delineations, &c., &c., &c., every night of the day.
For particulars, see bills of the day.
Tickets of Admission 25 cents. 6-42

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The Minstrel Entertainments in the world, given by the world well known Artists:—

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TWENTY-FOUR
BRILLIANT ETHIOPIAN STARS,
Defying and far excelling all competition, not even excepting soft MISS CLARA MOCTEZUMA.
THE WORLD OUTDONE.
By the famous and ever popular
DUPREE & GREEN'S MINSTRELS,
BURLESQUE OPERA TROUPE AND BRASS BAND.
Unequaled, oldest and most complete Troupe ever organized.
Just arrived before the public, introducing four unequaled Comedians, Gems of Charity Burgoile, Lew Benedict, J. P. Sanford, Stanwood.
A MAMMOTH ORCHESTRA
Of Professional Musicians, each one being a soloist and master of his peculiar instrument.
The aforesaid GRAND CHAMPION QUARTETTE.
Also Miss F. S. Green, Eight Years the renowned Singer Ousted, attended it all good judges and Critics to be the best Contralto ever heard in America.
BRASS BAND OF SIXTEEN PIECES,
Of Ladies Drum Corps, the Boys Cornettist of Canada, pronounced to be more extensive and finest Band ever in Canada.
The Public will see the above combination of talent appear in an original and
A MAMMOTH ENTERTAINMENT,
Nightly, before crowded houses, and will have to witness hundreds of people turned away from the doors.
The largest Hall in the country will not hold the immense audiences who rush to see and hear the unapproachable organic combination.
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Measuring Ninety-five feet long, written in colors and bearing the most costly (and nineteen times larger than any) Bill ever before printed in the world, which cost nearly two thousand dollars. The first two of these Posters were put up in New York City in the Central Park, and the rest will be put up in Printers' Ink to their heart's content. It covers nearly four hundred square feet and cost over a large Mammoth Boards are created at great expense in every city to put up this ornament, and every body is amazed, and look upon it with perfect astonishment at such an enormous enterprise.
The Troupe are again on an extensive tour throughout the Eastern Country, but before their departure for the Canadas, the great West and the South.
For full particulars see programmes of the day.
On the arrival at each city the Brass Band will march from the depot to the hotel.
CHAS. H. DUPREE.
G. E. GREEN, Agents.
SAM POND, Agent. 7

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GREAT MORAL EXHIBITION and
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A Magnificent Entertainment! Unparalleled Success!
The Three Smallest Human Beings in Existence,
JOE FOOTE,
The Smallest Man in the World, 25 years old, 26 inches high, weighs 25 lbs., and weighs 25 lbs.
His Sister MISS ELLEN WEST, Twenty-Eight years old, 17 inches high, 17 years old, 17 inches high, and weighs 15½ lbs., and
COL. SMALL,
A 17 years old, 30 inches high, and weighs 26 lbs.
Assisting their Wonderful Little People are the old, original, and only
CONTINENTAL VOCALISTS,
W. D. FRANKLIN (Brother and Sister), and
MR. G. ELLINGER, the celebrated vocalist and Pianist, and Prof. O. B. BOSCO, the eminent Pianist and Vocalist.
The Company are now on an extensive Western Tour, previous to their departure for Europe.
For full particulars, see Programme of the day.
18-5w-4W G. G. BUSHELL, Business Agent.

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ETHIOPIAN PERFORMERS,
will find it to their advantage to address as above, to GEORGE LEA, or to JOSH HART, Manager.
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N. B.—Good talent in any line, also wanted. 5-4t*

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MISS KATE FISHER,
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OVER ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND PERSONS.
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THE THREE FAST MEN
Purchased by her from Mr. Wm. S. English, the author,
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Superior to any Company ever combined in one Theatre west of the Rocky Mountains.
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Balcony Serenade each evening, previous to opening of the doors, by the
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SAM SHARPLEY, Manager and Proprietor.
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MISS KATE MERTON
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Ladies and gentlemen wishing engagements for the coming season, opening about the middle of August, for eleven months, will please direct to
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FLAT FOOT JAKE
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The company is Perfection in all its details.
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